



CRIME AND PUNISHMENT.

THE COUNT D—— TO LOUIS —.

Camp, near Marburg, Sept 1760.

ONLY moments for the pen, dear cousin. Ferdinand, Duke of Brunswick, and his nephew, the Hereditary Prince, give us such a breathing, that I resemble an Arab, who only knows how to attack, to conquer, or to run away. We are driven from the Rhine to the Weser, from the Weser to the Rhine; and what is the most extraordinary, we at the same time sing couplets in praise of the great king every morning and evening, and curse the man (you know to whom I allude) that compels us to face him at whose side we would much rather conquer. Be you quiet in your college, and envy us not. Our whole business is to dance in summer to the infernal music of drums and cannons, and in winter to give balls in our quarters; while, in both instances, the miserable inhabitants are obliged to pay the piper.

That we are unable to tell why we are murdering each other here, is a trifle. Was the cause ever

known in similar cases! Our calling is honour (good God) and in winter quarters, pleasure; but which frequently appears to me to be another—I had almost said a more cruel species of murder. You may however assure my excellent Risot, that I take no part in this moral murder, though I do not live like a saint of La Trappe. Men who for eight months have had death before and behind, above beneath and on each side of them, and have in prospect eight months more of the same description, wish, during the four winter months, to be at least as intimate with pleasure. You peaceful citizens may raise the cup of joy to your lips, set it down again, slowly quaff copious draughts of intoxicating pleasure, and emphatically exclaim, "What intemperance!" You may talk! but we—we are obliged to dash to the ground the exhilarating chalice.

But all this is nothing new. After two or three hundred thousand men have been massacred, the parties become tired of the war as they were of peace. At length peace is made, and every thing is again placed in *statu quo*, except a score or two of towns, and a him-

dred villages burned, and one hundred thousand families reduced to beggary.

I enjoy a good state of health, and as you see, practice the trade of slaughter with a kind of gaiety ; that is, I shut my eyes against its horrors, that I may not die of disgust, just as children shut their eyes that they may not see the phantoms of which they are afraid. Meanwhile I sometimes tremble from the beaten track, and look for pleasure where no one else seeks it. Last spring I was quartered in a village near Marburg, and if I am not deceived in my hopes, I shall be there again this winter. I shall then write oftener to you, and concerning myself. A charming girl (her name is Buckner) will then be the subject of my observations, and my letters. A love affair proceeds as slowly among the Germans, as every thing else—as the business of their diets. But, on the other hand, they always contract as they say, a connexion for life, do you see? and therefore the matter must be conducted with some degree of caution and consideration.

I entered the house, and having taken possession of my apartment, I ran down stairs to pay a visit to my landlady, who is a widow. With her I found this girl, her niece. I was astonished at the loveliness of the young creature, and said so. The niece blushed, and the aunt looked very grave.

But what was worse, they avoided me. The devil ! thought I, angrily, the people suppose that men of our profession have half a century to spare to establish an acquaintance ? I even put this question to the aunt in the most serious manner, and told her that I was sure her niece was afraid of me. She gave me a smile of compassion, and replied in very good French : “as to dangerous Count, that you certainly are not. We dislike only what you call your *air degagé*, your *superiorité* in life.”

“Do you perceive,” said I, laughing, “that you are afraid of us ?”

“Not exactly that, Count. What you term your *superiorité*, we Germans call rudeness. If you would live with us, you must conform to our manners.”

“Very well !” I replied, “I will engage to live like a counsellor of the imperial court of Wetzlar ; but the charmer must not confine herself to her room ; otherwise, I tell you plainly, I shall break down the doors to get to her.

“You begin well, Count,” said the aunt, laughing, and adding, seriously, “in future my niece shall eat with us ; but the first liberty you take, she shall go to Cassel.”

Thus, at length, the fair Henrietta again made her appearance, and I found myself quite mistaken

with her ; my wit, my flattery, my adoration—were all counterfeit coin, and would not pass current here. I wished to polish the girl, and she is worthy of it ; but she very frankly acknowledged that she wanted to instruct him. " Me, said I in great astonishment. " Yes, you," she replied, seriously. " You have a noble heart, Count, and you deserve to be a better man." I laughed ; but such an extraordinary being is man !—the girl began to obtain the advantage over me. The aunt was right ; I was not dangerous to the girl, but she to me. As often as I declared my love to her, in whatever manner it might be, she only laughed at, or ridiculed me. " But, Madam," said I once, really angry, " how do they make a declaration of love in Germany ?" She laughed still more. " In Germany, Count," she replied, " they never declare their love."

" But what else can they do ?"

" They love ;" said she, with a laughing eye.

I considered this as a hint she wished to give me. There was nothing, it is true, in her behaviour, to confirm me in this supposition ; but I must be doing something. " Indeed," said I, " you are right ; the Germans are more prudent than my countrymen." I caught her in my arms, and was going to press her to my bosom ; but, with a tone terrible as the sentence of death, and eyes

flashing indignation, she exclaimed, " Count !" and disengaged herself. " If you take such a liberty again," she continued, " you shall never see me more." I was embarrassed, like a boy surprised in a fault, and my confusion increased, when she said in a milder tone, " I am glad, Count, that you are at least ashamed of your rudeness."

" But," said I, half laughing, and half vexed, " I intreat you in earnest to tell me what a German does when he loves a girl. If I say I love you, I am only laughed at."

She replied again, " A German loves, that is all." She then gave me an explanation which proved to me that such an affair must be the most tedious in the world. " Ah ?" said I, folding my hands, " I must then become pious, and heave my sighs to a rosary, fair Henrietta ? Well, even that I am ready to do."

" You must, (she rejoined, laughing,) be nothing but yourself. Tell me as often as you please that you love me, and suffer me to laugh."

In this way, Louis, we went on every day, Henrietta laughed, and I began to feel extremely awkward. I imagined that her affections were pre-engaged ; but no ; she was perfectly free. In spite of my efforts—and what did I leave untried !—I could not gain an inch of ground. Sometimes I conceiv-

ed myself sure of victory ; but, like a stupid blockhead, only subjected myself to fresh ridicule.

Thus passed two months, which appeared like an eternity, when we received orders to march immediately. My company broke up ; my valet brought me my sword and hat ; nothing was more unexpected. I went down stairs to Henrietta. When I entered the room, she rose up hastily, and said with seeming anxiety, " Is it true, Count ? "

" We must march, (said I, laughing.) To-morrow I shall be exposed to another kind of fire than that from those blue eyes."

" May your guardian angel protect you, dear Count ! she exclaimed with fervour. She turned pale, and tears bedewed her beautiful cheeks.

" Ah ! cruel Henrietta ! cried I, now when death tears me from your side, you confess that you love me.

" Yes, dear Count, said she, laying her trembling hand in mine, I reflect with anxiety on the dangers you are going to encounter, and should be inconsolable were I to hear that—Yes, dear Count, you leave behind a friend, who will pray for your welfare.

" A friend ? I exclaimed, at a moment like the present ? Dear Henrietta, how cold ! Why not a lover ?

" I never express more than I feel. Adieu, I wish you health and happiness. The tears then streamed from her eyes. She pressed my hand, and I, let me tell you, was very grave. When I was stooping to her hand, she held me her lovely pale cheek to salute. I kissed her, without saying a word, but with a sensation that threatened to bring tears into my eyes. Turning away my face, I said, " Henrietta ! my friend ! may God preserve you ! " Then hastening out of the room, I mounted my horse, and galloped away. I would have given a Marshal's *bataillon* to have had a hostile battery before me.

An affair of this kind used to be forgotten in three days ; but here ! even now, after an interval of five months, the charming girl, with tearful eye, is still present to my soul ; and, fool that I am, there are moments when I ask myself : will it conduce to your happiness, if you see her again ? Sometimes I curse the day when I first beheld her, and tremble at the moment when I shall meet her again. And that moment is in my power ; I need only to step out of my tent, and I behold the steeple of the village-church, and the trees upon the hill beneath where I have more than once been seated by her side. This Henrietta, my friend, would be thought insipid at Paris ! Alas ! that we—we unfortunate men of rank are obliged

to require more than a heart, understanding, and beauty !

(*To be continued.*)

EVERY MAN HIS OWN PUN-STER.

Puns are disliked by none but those who can't make them. Swift.

MR. EDITOR,

THE following fragment has been transmitted to me by Mr. O'Nick, of St. Patrick's in Dublin, who assures me that it is an unpublished MS. of Dean Swift. There is, I think, internal evidence sufficient to prove the affirmative, and whilst I express my pleasure in communicating it to the public, through your work, I cannot refrain from grieving that so little of the original design has been accomplished. It is called, as you perceive, *RULES FOR PUNNING*; or, *puns for all persons and seasons*: but the Dean has only left the *ebauche* of a single day. ***

Monthly Mirror.

RULES FOR PUNNING;

OR, PUNS FOR ALL PERSONS AND SEASONS.

"Comitantibus armis,

PUNica se—attollet gloria."

Virg. Æn. iv.

PREFATORY remarks on the art of punning—its antiquity from Homer's *outis*, through Sophocles, Cicero, &c. down to Shakspeare, &c. Its advantages over wit. Wit requires wit in the hearer to com-

prehend it—a lasting and insuperable objection to its universality. Puns, on the contrary, require no wit to make them, nor any to understand them. Prove this by their well-known effect on stupidity in drawing-rooms, theatres, &c. An act to abolish punning, would be the destruction of three quarters of what are called the *wits* of our times, and fifteen-sixteenths of the dramatic writers."

Under these circumstances of fashion and prevalence, a man might as well go into a gambling-house without knowing how to play, as into company, without knowing how to make himself agreeable by punning. Rules are necessary for the acquisition of every art. Let what Ovid desired to have said of him, in respect to love, be said of me, with regard to punning—"Magister erat."

In the *rules* divide thus—puns for every day, in one week, in winter, spring, summer, and autumn. Puns, in these different seasons, for men, and puns for women, varied according to the class of life, and the rank held in the particular establishment, &c.

MASTER OF A FAMILY.

First day—sketch to be filled up.

Sunday—This is a day of rest for all things, but women's tongues and puns—they have none. You go to church, of course, to set a good example to your family, but let *them* attend to the Parson, you

may be preparing puns against dinner-time, when you expect a party.

The man of the house is nothing without his wife. It is becoming that she should assist you—she is your *helpmate*. Connive together, and let her put *leading* questions. Half an hour before dinner—company come. All very stupid, as usual. Mrs. — observes, that she fears that the dinner will be rather late, as she was obliged to take *Adam*, the footman, to the park, on account of the children. The husband immediately remarks, that *Adam* may be the *first* of men, but he is a *damn* slow fellow.

Mrs. —. My dear *Tom*, you deserve a *cane* for that.

Mr. —. Aye, if you were *Able* to give it me, who am a *host* to-day. Perhaps you were on the *Eve* of saying this: well there's as much chance in these things as in a *Pair-o'-dice*.

(*A general laugh.*)

Here you are at the end of this excellent subject. I don't know that any thing more can be made of it.

N. B. Hire no man, unless his name is *Adam*, or he will suffer you to call him so.

Let your children enter. Miss *Lucy*, *George*, and *Theodore*, all punsters, but this day is devoted to the father. Call your daughter,

Lucy, because, if you are a *profound* scholar, you can frequently bring in "*luce clarior*." Your other girl, *Sally*, ran away with an apothecary. Mrs. — will say this, and you'll exclaim, 'Ah, *SAL volatile*!'

Invite a poor *Emigre* to your table at these times. He is always to ask, when your children appear, "*Est ce qu'ils sont tous par la meme mere ?*"

When you are to reply—Yes, I believe they are all by the same *mare*, but I won't answer for the horse."

This is not very complimentary to your wife; but it would be a pretty joke indeed if a good pun was to be lost for such a trifling consideration.

If you consult decency too much there's an end of wit. He, who digs for diamonds, must not be over squeamish about dirt. Here Mrs. — may say, My dear *Tom*, I wish the man would bring up the dinner.

Mr. —. Bring up the dinner, my love? Heaven forbid! As we say in Latin, that's *sic sic*, so so.

You must not be too nice, as I observed before.

(Mrs. — rings the bell.)

Enter Servant.

Mrs. —. Is dinner ready?

Mr. —. (*Looking round*) The *chops* are I'm sure.

Adam. It is now dishing ma'am.
(*A crash heard as if an accident.*)

Mr. ——— *Dishing*, indeed—I
fear it's *dished*.

Dinner—all seated.

Mrs. ———. Will any body take
soup?

What, before grace, you *grace-*
less rogues. There's no parson
here I see, though we are not with-
out some of *the cloth*. Well, I'll
say it—*grace* at dinner is *meet*.

[An universal laugh. The sight
of dinner is a breeder of good hu-
mour.]

Take care to have the salt cel-
lars put on the table empty.

Mr. ———. Why what the de-
vil's this—no salt!

Mrs. ———. (As planned)—
You have *salt* enough, I'm sure,
my dear.

Mr. ———. “*Ego junior ipse.*”
Ovid. Very well, very well! my
wife is not *amiss*. But the salt,
Adam.

Adam. Sir, the house-keeper's
gone out, and I don't know where
to get any.

Mr. ———. Why an't here four
salt *BELLERS*?

[The Emigree does not un-
derstand this, but he is to laugh
heartily, nevertheless.]

Mrs. ———. Here, Adam;
take this key, and you'll find some
in the store room, at the top of the
house.

Mr. ———. *Attic Salt*, eh! ha,
ha, ha! Well, come, let's fall to;
this meat will *keep* no longer with-
out salt.

Mrs. ———. My dear Tom, that
rich dish will only give you the
gout.

Mr. ———. Pooh! “*Chacun a*
son gout.” Why should not I eat
it as well as another?

Mrs. ———. Bless me, how you
mangle that duck.

Mr. ———. *Mangle* it, my love.
Well, I think that's better than to
wash and *iron* it; but tell me how
you'll have it done, and you shall
find me *ductile*.

[Many opportunities will offer
of making *obscene puns*, but I give
no rules for these; they come na-
turally to every punster! All I shall
say, is, they must *never* be neglect-
ed.]

Let your cook be famous for
pancakes. One of your little boys
must enquire for some.

Mr. ———. My dear this is Sunday;
you know we can't have pancakes
till *Fri-day*.

[Many More puns must be in-
troduced. *Champaign*, *Reel pain*,
after all cheese is best, &c.]

The company will, probably, add some, and you may, also, by accident ; however, you'll be sure of this advantage over your friends, that, you'll be certain of all these while you're with your wife, and at home. Your acquaintance, of course, have *names*, and if they have no other merit, it's very hard if you can't make something of them in the pun way. Any block-head can do that.

(To be Concluded next week.)

WOMAN.

AN APOLOGUE.

A beautiful woman and her husband were once lost in a wood, in the middle of a very dark night. On all sides they heard nothing but the shrill whistle of robbers, or the long cries of wolves ; the sky too was tempestuous. The female became at once motionless through fear.

"What will become of us," cried she, clinging round her husband.

"Let us continue our journey, my love," he replied coolly.

"But, good heavens ! the robbers !"

"Well, then, let us return."

"O, that's worse ! the wild beasts !"

"What would you have then ?"

"Leave this place."

"We can only do that, my love, by going forward or returning ; choose which."

The female then shut her eyes, stopped her ears, and suffered herself to be conducted by her husband.

Such is the lot of woman. Nature has pointed out our respective distinctions, and the difference of our employments by the difference of our conformation. A taller stature, a more solid and flexible organization, indicate the honourable duties of man. Here the laws of nature and society accord.

"Woman and man," says Rousseau, are made for each other ; but their mutual dependance is not equal. Men depend upon women by their desires ; women upon men by their desires and wants."

Women were created to be the companions of man, to please him, solace him in his miseries, to console him in his sorrows, and not to partake with him in the fatigues of war, of the science, and of government. Warlike women, learned women, and women who are politicians, equally abandon the circle which nature and institutions have traced round their sex ; they convert themselves into men. They renounce the empire which they inevitably exercised by their weakness, to run vainly after the more equivocal empire of force. We hear of women that have fought, written, and governed with success.

What does this prove? The exception does not destroy the rule. And besides, where is the feeling and amiable woman who would exchange the ineffable happiness of being loved for the unsubstantial pleasure of fame?—Where is the man who would have preferred Joan of Arc to the mild and timid Agnes Sorrel? We admire the masculine mind of Elizabeth; but we love Mary, queen of Scots.

VARIETY.

THEATRICAL ANECDOTE.

The publication of a Correspondence between Hopkins and Wild, "prompters to the monopolizers" of Drury Lane and Covent Garden Theatres, in which the latter writes to the former, "If you have a *full moon* to spare, I wish you'd lend it us for Thursday—I send you some *lightning* that I can venture to recommend"—reminds us of a droll anecdote which we met with some years ago, and which we believe was handsomely turned into poetry, in some of the fugitive publications of the day. It became necessary to have a snow storm upon the stage, and a reasonable quantity of white paper had been manufactured into *flakes* for the occasion. But either because a full storm of white paper would be a little inconsistent with the economy of the theatre or that it was deemed proper to *darken*

the storm towards its conclusion, there was held in reserve a small magazine of *dark coloured snow* made of brown paper, which the little Jove up stairs had mislaid or forgotten. It snowed very well a little while, but ceased too soon. The "prompter" called aloud for more snow; little Jupiter answered that his stores were exhausted, when the man on the earth then called to him in the sky, "Is the white snow all out? Then d—n me, *snow* brown."

A LAW ANECDOTE.

At a Justices court held some years ago, a small rate lawyer was called to answer a suit for debt, bro't by a garret (or cellar) poet. The writ was filled—"You are requested to arrest, &c. the body of T. J. *gentleman*," &c.—On trial, the defendant prayed that the writ might be abated, as there was a misnomer, his true addition being Attorney at Law.—The plaintiff answered by saying, "that such *niggling* to get clear of paying the debt was no more than he expected; but he could not conceive how there came such a mistake in filling the writ, as he was always well assured, and supposed every one else knew, that the defendant was *no gentleman*."

A FORTUNATE JOKE.

Dr. Flamstead was many years astronomer-royal, at Greenwich observatory, a humourist, and of

warm passions. Persons of his profession are often supposed by vulgar people to be capable of foretelling events. To this persuasion, a poor washer-woman at Greenwich, who had been robbed one night of a large parcel of linen, to her almost ruin, if forced to pay for it, came to him, and with great anxiety earnestly requested him to use his art, to let her know where her things were, and who robbed her. The doctor happening to be in a joking humour, bid her stay; he would see what he could do: perhaps he might let her know where she might find them, but who the persons were, he would not undertake to say: as she could have no positive proof to convict him, it would be needless. He then set about drawing circles, squares, &c. to amuse her; and, after some time, told her, if she would go into a particular field, in such a part of it, she would find them all bundled up in a sheet. The woman went, and came back with great haste and joy, to thank the Doctor, and offer him half a crown, as a token of gratitude, being as much as she could afford. The doctor, surprised, told her—“Good woman, I am heartily glad you have found your things; but I assure you I knew nothing of them, and only intended to joke you; and then to have read you a lecture on the folly of applying to any person to know events, not in the human power to tell; but I see the devil has a mind I should deal with him. I am determined

I will not; so never come or send any body to me any more, on such occasions; for I never will attempt such another affair again whilst I live.

FEMALE HEROISM.

Extract from a detailed narrative of the Siege of Saragossa.

At the siege of Saragossa an act of heroism was performed by a female, to which history scarcely affords a parallel. Augustina Zaragossa, about 22 years of age, a handsome woman, of the lower class of people, whilst performing her duty of carrying refreshments to the gates, arrived at the battery of the Portillo; at the very moment when the French fire had absolutely destroyed every person stationed in it. The citizens and soldiers for the moment hesitated to remain at the guns; Augustina rushed forward over the wounded and slain, snatched a match from the hand of a dead artilleryman, and fired off a twenty-four pounder, then jumping upon the gun, made a solemn vow never to quit it during the siege; and having stimulated her fellow-citizens by this daring intrepidity, to fresh exertions, they instantly rushed into the battery, and again opened a tremendous fire upon the enemy. When the writer of this narrative saw this heroine at Saragossa, she had a small shield of honour embroidered on the sleeve of her gown, with SARRAGOSSA inscrib-

ed upon it, and was receiving a pension from the government, and the daily pay of an artilleryman.

A Parish clerk, in a country village, who united in his own person as many various qualifications as the celebrated Caleb Quotem himself, was particularly distinguished for the two occupations of *Taylor* and *Sexton*. This important personage was one morning required to dig a grave for a Mr. Button. Having concluded his work as merrily as the sexton in *Hamlet*, he was met on his return by a friend, who remarked that he looked warm. "Why, yes," replied the joint professor of the *spade* and *needle*, "I've had a tight job. You must know, that I have just finished the manufacture of a *Button-hole* !

ORIGINAL ANECDOTE.

A person by the name of Bailey, who had enlisted under the banner of fanaticism, returning home one evening rather late, was so unfortunate as to fall to the ground several times before he arrived at his destined quarters, on account of his drinking a few glasses over (*sat.*) with Miss C—. On Sunday he declared to his congregation from the pulpit, that on this identical night, as he was led by the spirit towards home, he was in a trance, and behold the earth arose and kissed him.—Which assertion his congregation had not the least reason to doubt, for the kisses were still very impressive on his face.

CANCER.

The following article is copied from an Edinburgh paper.

"While I was at Smyrna, there was a girl afflicted with a cancer in her lip, and the gum was affected. The European physicians consulted on the measures to be taken, and agreed that they saw no other method than to cut it out; and the girl had already submitted herself to that decision. By an accident of that nature which men cannot account for an old Armenian came to them just in time to prevent the application, of the knife. "Do nothing," said the Armenian, "I will cure her," and when he had pledged himself strongly, the physicians consented.

He procured a copper vessel, tinned in the inside (an essential circumstance) and having poured a certain quantity of olive oil into it, he made it boil over a small fire, sufficiently to keep it gently agitated, and so for three times in 24 hours. With this the oil resolved itself to the consistency of an ointment and by constantly rubbing the part affected, he cured her in fourteen days—Nothing else was done.

The physicians supposed that the oil received its virtue from tin, and that it was communicated by its long boiling over the fire.

Who makes too much or too little of himself, has a false measure for every thing.

NOTICE OF GARRICK.

By Richard Cumberland.

Nature had done so much for him, that he could not help being an actor, she gave him a frame of so manageable a proportion, and from its flexibility so perfectly under command, that by its aptitude and elasticity, he could draw it out to fit any sizes of character, that tragedy could offer to him, and contract it to any scale of ridiculous diminution, that his Abel Drugger, Scrub, or Fribble, could require of him to sink it to; his eye in the mean time was so penetrating, so speaking; his brow so moveable, and all his features so plastic and so accommodating, that wherever his mind impelled them, they would go, and before his tongue could give the text, his countenance would express the spirit and the passion of the part he was performing.

THE BIBLE.

The edition of the Bible mentioned by Addison as having been published in the reign of Charles I. with that error in the decalogue, "Thou shalt commit adultery, is, it appears, not without parallel. Among the various readings is an alteration once made by a German printer's widow, in the sentence of subjection to her husband pronounced upon Eve, recorded in the 6th verse of the third chapter of Genesis. This woman, who after the death of her husband carried on the

printing business, one night took an opportunity of going into the office, where a new edition of the Bible was printing, when taking out the two first letters of the word *Herr* in the abovementioned passage, she substituted *Na* in their place, thus altering the sentence from—And he shall be thy *Lord*—to—And he shall be thy *Fool*—According to report, this piece of mingled levity and folly, cost the woman her life, as she was on detection, put to death at Leipsic, and the copies wrought off with this alteration, ordered to be bought up by the magistrates, and destroyed. Some however were secreted, and are occasionally produced for sale, when they fetch an enormous price. It is said that one of these copies is among the collection of bibles at Stutgard.

Mr. Garrow, some short time ago, examining a very young lady who was witness in a case of assault, asked her if the person who was assaulted did not give the defendant very ill language—if he did not call him a d——d Scotch cobbler, and utter words so bad, that the learned counsel had not *impudence* enough to repeat; she replied in the affirmative. Will you madam, be kind enough (said he) to tell the court what these words were? Why, sir, (replied she) if you have not *impudence* enough to speak them, how do you suppose I have?

Mr. Edward Moore the celebrated Author of the *Gamester*, &c. married a lady who was herself poetical, and in her maiden state being deeply in love with her future husband, (while her passion was a secret both to him and all her friends) her muse prompted her to write a copy of verses to a young lady her couzin, in which were contained the following lines perfectly mysterious; till being shown to a number of persons, and to Mr. Moore amongst the rest, he had the gratitude to reward the fair authoress with his hand—

Would you think it my coz, for the fault
I must own,
Your Jenny at last is quite covetous
grown;
Though millions, if fortune should lavishly pour,
I still should be wretched, if I had not
MORE.

You will wonder, my dear, who this
charmer can be,
Whose merit can boast such a conquest
as me;
But you shan't know his name, though
I told you before,
It begins with an M. but I dare not say
MORE.

MARRIED,

On Wednesday evening, July 13,
Mr. Thomas Dilks, to Miss Maria
Juliet Gifford, both of this city.

On Monday evening last, by the
Rev. Mr. Stevens, after a courtship
of SIX HOURS, Mr. CHRISTOPHER NEUNHOEFFER, of Ludwigs-

burg, Suabia, Germany, a youth of
60, to the blooming Miss BETSEY
MARKS, of this city, aged 70 years.

May heav'n protect this tender pair,
And crown with bliss their hoary hair;
For never, since the world began,
Was love so keen 'twixt wife and man.

While youngsters (to their shame 'tis
said)

Require years to gain a maid,
This grey-hair'd youth, with magic
pow'rs,
Gain'd his fair bride in six short hours.

DIED,

After an illness of five weeks,
Henry Strong, son of Selah Strong,
Esq. of this city, aged 22 years

On board the brig *Peace*, on his
passage from Jamaica, on the 19th
inst. Mr. John Wilson, late of
this city.

At Savannah, Capt. Stephen B.
Clark, aged 33, a native of New-
Jersey

At Augusta, Geo. On Wednesday,
July the 26th, after some days
illness, Mr. John W. Buckle, late
of this city.

On Tuesday evening last, at
Mount Kemble, New Jersey, Miss
— Edwards, aged 80 years.

On the 16th inst. near Morris-
town, N. J. Mrs. Clawson, of this
city, in the 22d year of her age.

.....

Our City Inspector reports the
death of 64 persons, during the
week, ending on Saturday last.



.....
For the Lady's Miscellany.

TO JULIA FRANCESCA.

IF sympathising with your joy, or
 grief,
 Could soothe the fever's anguish, or
 your heart,
 Then, Julia, should I give you sweet
 relief,
 And truest bliss and extacy impart !

Yes, I with gentlest caution would at-
 tend ;
 Would change to ease the painful
 bed of woe,
 And raise the languid spirits of my
 friend
 To heaven, where none a sigh or tear
 shall know !

Ingratitude, " what heart but must de-
 test" ?

'Tis deeply wounding to the generous
 mind,
 That feels pure love high glowing in the
 breast,
 And seeks to give true peace as well
 as find.

The heart that tenderly views other's
 woe,
 And tremulous feels their joy or
 grief,
 To meet ingratitude, that baneful foe,
 Will feel a sting that needs a strong
 relief !

What balm has power to heal the pain-
 ful wound,
 Or what kind hand can draw the poi-
 sonous dart ?

A dangerous remedy on earth is found,
 But heaven can heal the most unhap-
 py heart.

But too, too fondly do we cleave to
 earth,

Too strongly here we often place our
 love,

Forget the honors of a heavenly birth,
 Nor seek the joys of purer realms
 above.

When saints, in blissful harmony com-
 bin'd,

The Saviour's love and merit can ex-
 cel,

And soar in worth above the eternal
 mind,

It then may be " a crime to love too
 well !"

The heart that prizes riches of more
 worth

Than merit, noble, virtuous, and sin-
 cere,

Is base and low, and bounded by this
 earth,

Seeks not for bliss above, nor finds it
 here !

Have you not fortitude to soar above

The base ingratitude which here you
 meet ;

And seek in those celestial realms above,

The love which here you cannot find
 complete ?

May our soft air to health restore your
 frame,

And may you, as pure gold, that's
 purer tri'd,

Feel in your breast an high and ardent
 flame

To be with Heaven and Holiness al-
 lied !

EVELINA

THE
EXILE OF ERIN'S RETURN TO HIS
Native Country.

O'er the hills of Slieve Gaden, as homeward he wander'd,
The exile of Erin oft paus'd with delight;
To dear recollections his soul he surrender'd,
As each well-known object return'd to his sight;
Here was the brook oft he leap'd so light-hearted,
Here was the bower, where with love first he smarted.
And here was the old oak, where when he departed,
He carv'd his last farewell, 'twas—
Erin go bragh.

His heart wild was beating—when softly assail'd him,
The sound of a harp—oh he listen'd with joy,
What quick'ning emotions! his visage reveal'd them,
And the fire of his country beam'd strong from his eye:
A sweet female voice soon the lov'd strains attended,
'Twas dear to his fond soul, that o'er it suspended,
With each note the spirits of feeling ascended,
Sung oft to the accents of—Erin go bragh.

"I once had a lover," thus ran the sweet numbers,
"Now doom'd far from me and his country to mourn,
Perhaps in the cold bed of death e'en he slumbers,
Ah, my soul! canst thou think he shall never return;

Yes, he shall, for he lives, and his past woes redressing,
His country shall hail him with smiles and caressing,
And lock'd in my arms, he'll pronounce her his blessing,
That country which wrong'd him, his—
Erin go bragh.

As a lamb he was meek, as a dove he was tender,
And form'd was his bosom, of friendship and love,
But call'd by his country, still swift to defend her,
Undaunted and fierce as the eagle he'd move.
That ardour of passion, for me, which he pleaded,
By what female breast could it have been unheeded?
The love of his country alone could exceed it,
For still his first wish was for—Erin go bragh.

This harp, on whose strings oft he rous'd each emotion,
Unrival'd the soft tones of feeling to draw,
He left me, the pledge of his heart's true devotion,
And bade me oft strike it to Erin go bragh.
O'er it oft I've dream'd that he sat in this bower,
And touch'd the sad tale of his exile with power,
Each soul-glowing patriot, the strains did devour,
Struck full to the magic of—Erin go bragh.

But cease ye vain dreams! for at morn still I lose him,
And cease my fond hopes, for my griefs must remain.
No—they must not!—he cried, and rush'd to her bosom—
Your exile's return'd to his Erin again.

Now fall'n are the oppressors that
sought to destroy me ;
Love, friendship, and Erin, shall hence-
forth employ me ;
'Tis himself, she exclaim'd, O ye pow'rs
ye o'erjoy me,
Then blest be my country ! blest Erin
go bragh.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

THE FEVER.

WHEN first the tale of fever raging,
Runs thro' the affrighted crowd,
And death with health and youth en-
gaging,
Wraps hundreds in a shroud.

Then consternation marks each fea-
ture,
Dismay confusion spreads,
Horror assails each trembling creature,
Despair her influence sheds.

Now fly the throng to air more heal-
thy,
To shun contagious breath,
Where good and bad, where poor and
wealthy,
Are equal prey to death.

The once gay streets are now desert-
ed,
Nave when the gloomy hearse,
Or peopled carts, to biers converted,
Move heavy and averse.

Oh dreadful plague ! oh wretched
city !
With sullen clouds o'erspread ;
Sol views at times the waste in pity,
And sick'ning, hides his head.

Kind Heaven ! avert such dire dis-
eases,
Nor thus in anger frown ;

But send us cool, propitious breezes,
Let health the season crown.

CHEVIOT.

THE DREAM.

VISION of bliss ! yet stay, ah stay !
Why on swift wing flitst thou away ?
Why to my throbbing heart restore
The cherub form I still adore ;
Then envious, from my eager sight,
Shroud it in shades of deepest night ?
'Twas but a dream—be still, my heart !
Caus'd by distemper'd fancy's art,
Who, fondly turning to the past,
Wrought the dim cheat too fair to last ;
Swifter than thought it glides away—
Delusive bliss, one moment stay—
Dream of delight, yet once again
Return and soothe regret's fond pain—
Restore again that laughing eye,
Ting'd with heaven's pure cerulean dye,
That bloomy cheek, so soft and fair,
Elysium's sweets seem'd treasur'd there ;
Of auburn hair, the wavy shade
Which o'er his snowy forehead play'd ;
The scarlet lip, the endearing wile,
The polish'd form, the enchanting smile !
All that a mother's heart could charm,
Or with fond pride her bosom warm.
Soft power of sleep, thy lethean dew
O'er every willing sense effuse :
The substance lost, oh ! give the shade—
Let no rude noise again invade—
Fair as in life my arms be blest,
Bring the bright vision to my rest.
Since dreams are all I dare to hope,
Oh ! give the dim illusion scope ;
Again the fancied bliss restore,
Benignant Power ! I ask no more.

CLARA.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY
EDWARD WHITELY,
NO. 46 FAIR-STEET—NEW-YORK.